

Escape

by Teta Hyral

Category: Final Fantasy I-VI

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-30 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-30 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:59:28

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,476

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is a story on a little-known Game Boy game called Final Fantasy Adventure (in Japan it was originally the first of the Seiken Densetsu series). It's about a character named Amanda (yes she is a character in the game) and her trials as a prisoner.

T

Escape

> <meta name="Generator"> amanda

Disclaimer: Final Fantasy Adventure and its characters are copyright Square... i.e. I don't own any of these characters. No I'm not doing this for money. So ha. OK, the disclaimer's over.

* * *

><p><p>

Escape

* * *

><p><p>

She heard her light footsteps echo through the stone hallway of Castle Glaive, the dank scent of dew pungent in the air as she passed barred windows that offered the dim light of the stars to the hallway. The corridor itself had never really made the girl think of light. It always made her think of how close she was to death, of all the friends she had lost during her time here.

She stopped by the last window in the corridor and took a deep breath. The gentle light streaming in from the outside world told her that there was still hope in this desolate world. But that hope was outside of these walls...

The light of the moon beckoned to her tonight as it did each night as the sun sank below the horizon, as the colors of dusk faded to the dark night sky, as the stars loyally appeared to the sovereign moon who led them through the sky each night and returned home each morning to rest. She herself acted as one of these stars, for every night she would sit by the window and stare at the moon, feeling that somehow, she had to find a way home.

Home, to her people, and to her little brother...

She unsheathed her dagger, the bloodstained weapon she had used to kill countless monsters. Each day, she would only be given her meager meal of scraps from her master's dogs' food after she had made the day's kill and satisfied Dark Lord's thirst for blood. Dark Lord had no feeling for life. In fact, he delighted in controlling them, ending them. She was lucky to be alive. Few survived as long as she did, and even if they did, they would be hanging onto life by a single thread, barely breathing. She still remembered one who fell to starvation rather than to the monsters. Oh, it must have been a terrible death.

Not that other deaths weren't terrible. She remembered so clearly the day that Willy died from his wounds. She couldn't bear to watch as he breathed his last words to his best friend. What they said, she could not hear. She was too saddened by the realization that she might never return home, never return to see her brother.

Willy's friend was killed later that evening, or so it was rumored, because he had tried to escape the clutches of Dark Lord in the oppressive Castle Glaive. The prisoners mourned at the deaths of two of their finest warriors, two of their best friends.

* * *

><p><p>

On one particularly foggy night, a scruffy looking old man entered the prisoners' quarters warily, stepping just inside the doorway as he surveyed the room. He seemed to study the faces of each captive, seemed to probe into each of their pasts. He was forced out of his reverie when he was shoved further into the room by one of Dark Lord's heavily armored sentries.

"You shoulda spent your last days in bed, old-timer," huffed the sentry. The door slammed behind him, and the prisoners could hear the clacking of the key in the lock.

Silence fell upon the entire room as the old man turned around, still getting used to his new surroundings, his new home for the rest of his short life. It seemed to him that perhaps these people were waiting for an introduction.

"My name is Darbantan," he said, in a weak voice. He looked around to see nodding heads, telling him to go on. "I was captured when I snuck onto Julius' airship this morning."

"Why would you do a thing like that?" asked one of the younger men.

Darbantan smiled. "The night before, I saw a young man, about your

age, and he had been sleeping in the inn next door to my house. Throughout the night, I heard a moaning, a strange cry that sounded like a name. 'Willy,' it cried for hours."

"Willy...." A whisper seemed to echo from each corner of the room.

"Curious, I decided that I would see where the visitor was going. The next morning, I followed him through forests and fields as he felled trees and ferns with little effort. _Incredible_, I thought. _His face is young, but his strength is that of a true warrior_. When he entered the ship, I also entered without giving it a thought. And now I am here."

The girl stood. "He must be coming to defeat Dark Lord."

The old man turned to her and smiled. "Well, whatever he is doing, I hope that he is working for the good of all people. He was such a valiant stranger...."

* * *

><p><p> __

Now, thought Amanda, _It is my turn to be that valiant stranger_. She tiptoed into the arena where she had fought so many monsters for Dark Lord's entertainment. Somehow she liked it better here in the darkness. At least now she was free of Dark Lord's eyes.

Here, she could really smell the fresh night air. For the first time, she didn't notice the awful stench of death that saturated the air of the arena. She looked up and smiled when she saw the stars, which she had yearned to see almost as much as her brother Lester.

A soft growl quickly ended her trancelike state. She took a defensive stance, moving stealthily away from the sound. She could hear it breathing. Whatever it was, it knew exactly where she was at any given moment.

—

It probably smells me, she thought as she slipped from one dark recess to the next. She kept her breathing in check, but her heart seemed to stampede around inside her body like a chocobo herd on the loose. She could hear it approaching more quickly now. She quickly turned her head, searching for a way out.

—

The gate, she thought. True, it was closed, but it provided some sort of refuge from her attacker. She swiftly ran to it, noting the reaction of the beast. She leaped onto the gate, grabbing the highest bar she could find, then quickly climbed up as far as she could. She looked down seeing the animal in the starlight for the first time. It seemed familiar, but she couldn't quite point it out. It was too dark to be sure what it was. Amanda realized she had chosen the night of the new moon for her escape. The creature clawed feverishly at the wooden gate, though it made no attempt to climb it.

Amanda panicked as the monster began to snarl. Its noise was

magnified in the silence of the arena, and one of the guards who had been sleeping at his post was yelling at the animal, trying to keep it quiet. Amanda herself kicked the animal in the head, but it counterattacked with a quick swipe to her leg. It took all of Amanda's strength to keep from screaming as tears welled up in her eyes. No, she couldn't cry. She had to be strong for herself--and for Lester. She looked down at her leg and watched the fresh blood begin to drip onto the ground. There was only one way out now. She pulled out her dagger and plunged it into the creature's head.

It gave one last great bellow, then quickly fell to the ground. Amanda knew the guards would be coming soon if they were not already upon her. Pulling her dagger out of the creature's skull, she looked around the arena for some type of foothold that might allow her an escape. However, she knew that her best bet would be the direct exit through the gate.

She noticed a gash in the wooden gate where the creature must have been clawing. Without giving it a thought, she climbed through, careful not to give herself any splinters. She saw a torch approaching as she ran for the outer wall of the castle. She began to scale the wall as she realized her right leg hurt as if it were immersed in the fires of hell. Glancing back, she saw a trail of blood behind her, not large enough to be obvious, but it was there, and it did look conspicuous.

But she had no time to think. She continued her ascent to freedom, blocking out the soldiers' voices behind her. She groped around above her for something to grasp as she placed her foot on another foothold. The light was nearing now, the voices hard to ignore.

"I'm telling you! It must have been some owl that flew into the arena."

"Some _owl_ wouldn't cause Jackal to bellow like that."

"Well, you do have a point, there."

—

Almost there, thought Amanda. She was coming so close to overcoming her obstacle.

"Hey, what's this?"

—

Concentrate, Amanda silently said to herself. _Only one more step and I'm over_.

"Look!"

Amanda was around the other side of the wall now, barely visible as she quickly made her descent to the ground. Had the guards seen her? No time. She ran blindly ahead as fast as she could, ignoring her pain.

—

Lester, I'm sorry for all the mean things I've ever done to you, but isn't that the way siblings live?

Amanda stopped running in time to see a great crevice in her path. Quickly turning to the right, she snapped twigs and woke animals in her path.

—

Lester, I miss you. I wish you were here so I could say goodbye and I love you....

Here, she reached the waterfall that fell a mile to the earth. She whirled around again to find the path that she had first taken here, the last path she had taken before her capture at Dark Lord's mansion.

"Hello, girl," said Julius in his oddly sinister voice. Startled, Amanda fell forward. He wasn't there just a few seconds ago!

"That's right, girl. Cower at my feet!"

When she tried to get up, she felt a quick jab to her face. She fell over again, this time on her side. She breathed heavily, covering her face with her hand so Julius couldn't see her in the light of his torch.

"You really think you can escape?"

Amanda lay still, pondering that question. Did she? She wasn't sure. She just remembered a plan to get home somehow. She had envisioned it so many times that it seemed almost real.

She felt a rough hand grasp her arm and lift her slight malnourished weight totally off the ground. Julius sneered when he recognized Amanda's face. The most prominent of Dark Lord's gladiators, Amanda was placed against test after test, and somehow she survived those harsh months. Months? It felt like she had been living here forever.

"Well, Amanda, I guess your execution day came a little sooner than expected."

"Execution?"

"Oh, you weren't informed? Your strength has become a threat to Glaive. Dark Lord would have loved to see you suffer."

Amanda gave Julius a cold, hard stare. "If you kill me, I will be liberated. Go ahead and do it now."

Julius' face transformed into an even more sinister look, something Amanda thought could never be possible. "You want me to give you the easy way out? You want me to give you exactly what you want? You must know it's not as simple as that."

Amanda shifted her weight so she could hit Julius, but she was dropped to the ground.

—
Not simple? thought Amanda. _How could this not be simple? He had even mentioned my execution day. That meant he would kill me, right? Why doesn't he just end it now?_

Julius continued. "Before you die, a stain will be placed on your family's name, a stain that you will put there."

Numerous possibilities raced through Amanda's mind, some in particular that she would gladly kill herself for. Julius's hand was coming down on her again, but she rolled away, toward the waters falling from the Tree of Mana.

"Damn you, girl!" cried Julius as he began to produce a ball of magical energy between his hands. It crackled with the power of lightning as sparks flew and blue zigzags encircled the sphere. He was about to throw it when he saw the weary smile on Amanda's face. The lightning ball disappeared much like a drop of water in the midday sun of the desert. The girl's smile inverted itself rather gradually. She moved one arm behind herself, searching for the rocky ledge that was her only escape. She dared not let her guard down, she dared not take her eyes off Julius though she wished with all her might that she could; she knew, however, that he could do something rash if she did avert her attention.

Ah, there it was. The spray of mist from the waterfall above gave the rocks a wetness that almost made them seem alive. It made her shudder slightly, just enough that Julius took notice.

"Cold?" he asked. "Or just afraid? I will end that. You will no longer feel, nor fear. However, your suffering will continue for all eternity, as you will become one of the eternal wanderers, just another one of the undead."

He reached for her arm just as she realized what he had just said to her. Quickly, she jumped up onto her feet and kicked the wizard's outstretched hand. A bellow that seemed almost inhuman came from his throat.

Amanda wasted no time. She turned around and dove headfirst into the waterfall. She felt the pressure of the water push her down, faster, faster. She held her breath as the cliffs that have been carved by the waterfall over millions of years flew past; or rather, she flew past them. The sickening feeling of falling left her now as she stopped accelerating. It actually felt refreshing now, to be free as the rushing waters. She took another breath from between the water droplets as the earth grew near.

—
A bittersweet end, she thought as she plunged into the water.
Goodbye, Lester. Do not mourn me. I shall be forever free.

THE END

* * *

><p><p> —

I would like thank Krog and Sheep for giving me the confidence to post this story. Personally, I think it is one of my better ones, though I know there is much room for improvement. I wrote this freshman year of high school, I believe, and sometimes you can tell where I made recent edits. Oh, well. :-)

* * *

><p><p>

End
file.